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# The Pinkerton Critic

VOL. XIII

DERRY, N. H., MARCH 1922

No. 3

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## Editorial

The winter term is almost over.

Spring will bring for the girls new Easter Bonnets, for the boys, baseball and track meets, but for all of us, students and teachers alike, it will bring "Spring Fever."

The "Spring Fever" I mention is not the Spring Fever whose cure-all used to be "Sulphur and Molasses" but a languid, lazy feeling that we all have in the spring of the year.

As the month of April begins we loathe the sight of books, and despise the idea of being in school all day when we could be out doors. The result of these thoughts and

feelings is a serious case of nervous prostration, when we hear examinations mentioned.

If you saw the Influenza coming your way, would you run up to meet it and shake hands with it? Of course you wouldn't, yet you are actually inviting the Spring Fever to come and play with you. Dodge it, my friends, the same way you dodge the Influenza. Keep yourself in high spirits and fight the languid lazy feeling. Be so full of life and pep that others, (including teachers) will be ashamed to let you know that they have accepted "Spring Fever" as a matter of fact.

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## His Day of Triumph.

For two long, seemingly long years, Ted Carter had watched the daily foot-ball practice; he had gone and watched the games, and oh, how he envied the boys who were lucky enough to get on the team! He had gone out for trial and played the game, for it was a game he understood from A to Z, but always those disappointing words, "you're underweight." And this year, oh, how triumphant he felt, he at last was a member of the Lisbon Seminary foot-ball eleven.

As he sat in the gym, after practice he let his thoughts wander; he saw himself in to-days scrimmage, always coming out "on top"; he saw the boys all clapping him on the back, for doing so well. But somehow when he found himself actually in the fray, actually up against another school, he couldn't do his best. And more than once he had even heard the boys say, "What's the matter with Carter, why doesn't he play his game?" And no one had an answer, not even he himself. And for the foot-ball reception, when he asked pretty little Myrtle Young, she had told him coldly that she was going with Dick Randall the foot-ball hero and captain. He had turned and walked away knowing that what she said was not so, because Randall had told some of the fellows in the gym before practice that very day, that he was still waiting for an answer. So Carter had asked his old playmate and next door neighbor, Marjorie Ellis. Good old Margie, she was a brick! He had told her all about it; somehow a fellow felt like telling his troubles to Margie. And then she had told him she'd go with him and that she wasn't hurt to be his second choice. But he knew she felt it a little. She really wasn't so bad either, she was pretty, and all the fellows liked her; if she had just a little bit of Myrtle's style! But then, he liked her just as she was.

This afternoon was the final game of the year, that would decide the state cham-

pionship between his own school and Blair Seminary. "The other team is fine" mused Ted, "If only I could do something to make my team win!" He smiled to himself as he pictured himself running down the field with the ball tightly clasped in his arms, toward the goal posts. He clenched his fists and spoke his thoughts aloud: "I will do it, I will!" He quickly rose and dressed, and left the gym for home, stepping with a determined step.

That afternoon as the boys assembled on the field talking together, Carter alone seemed out of it. No one came to him to tell him to do his best, or to clap him on the shoulder for good luck.

He saw Myrtle cast a slurring look in his direction and quickly turning away he saw Marjorie coming toward him. She shook hands with him and said, "Ted, don't give up. Just do your best, and I know you'll win; remember you have another year here and your day is coming, if it is not to-day." And she ran lightly off the field, as the signal for beginning rang out.

The first quarter, his old feeling of fear came over him, and he did practically nothing, but when he heard the cheers for Randall across the field, he ground his teeth and determined to win, come what may. The end of the first half he was being cheered from the side lines, as he had made a short gain. A grim smile crossed his face as he took his place in the line for the third quarter. He did still better, as he opened the way for Randall who had the ball and who made the gain. At the end of the third quarter the score was still 0-0, and the rooters were wild, and among their yells he heard his name and Randall's echoing across the field. But he thought only of what was coming, and ached to be in it. They lined up for the last quarter, he played hard, oh so hard. He heard nothing from the side lines now, he thought only of the grim realities. Somehow he found the



ball in his hands, and someone hissed in his ear, "Run to the left," and oh how he ran, and kept running, the wind roared in his ears, his eyes blurred, his feet seemed to weigh tons, and still he ran, until he saw the goal posts loom ahead of him. Could he make it? If he could only have the strength for a few more yards, but he stumbled, he fell, and as he lay there, a rapt stillness seemed to prevail. He had lost, he hadn't been able to do it, how disappointed he felt. But what did he hear? "Carter! Carter!" the side lines cries were swelling, "If they were just trying to console him, they did not mean it." A great lump rose in his throat. Now he felt a hand on his shoulder, and some one was lifting him, and he heard the cries from the side lines echo and re-echo across the field and the cry was all for "Carter." The coach smiling broadly cried, "I knew you'd do it, if you only let yourself go;" Yes,

he had let himself go all right. Then Randall the hero, Randall the captain, shook his hand and said, "You're a better man than I am Carter, I congratulate you."

Ted smiled as he walked into the gym and locked the door, and sat thinking, still smiling, not caring when they cried for him to come out, not caring even when he heard Myrtle call "Teddy, Teddy, please come out." Oh no, she wouldn't get him now. I guess not: The boys came for him, even climbed to the window, but he shook his head and they went away. He heard Margie call from the other side of the door, "Oh Ted, I'm going home now. If you want me later, I'll be there," And he heard her step die away. "Dear old Marg" he thought popularity didn't matter to her, she'd take a fellow when he was down and out and stick through thick and thin.

Two weeks later he was elected captain, unanimously, at the annual Foot-ball reception and banquet. M. G. '22.

## P. A. Club.

The P. A. Club was formed January 24, at the dinner given by the Domestic Science department of the members to the foot-ball squad.

There had been several speeches, all touching on school spirit and the need of some stuff "backing up," when one of the football boys suggested a plan that ought to be able to produce both in large quantities. The P. A. club.

The first problem that confronted this club was the Critic. Students had complained and then complained some more that their paper was not up to the standard. No pep was the common remark, and still they didn't try to improve it any. The lower classes weren't interested because the jokes etc., concerned only the two upper classes. But it seems they never stopped to realize that they too might be concerned if they only got busy and turned in material when word came from the edi-

tor that it was time to get ready for a new issue of the Critic.

Now this is a problem, and you'll have to admit it. How can the school paper be a success when members of the school show almost no enthusiasm? Nevertheless the club undertook to boost the paper, and in time much credit, due to the success of the critic, will be going towards this club.

The other problem mentioned was school spirit, which by the way should be spelled with big capital letters. The P. A. Club can have school and class spirit and can put some in other people but for goodness sake DON'T WAIT for them to do this because the operation might be rather painful to the victims feelings. GET IT and SHOW IT before they have to do it for you.

After plans were made, Henry Bartlett was elected as president. This was followed by an argument as to whether or not any of the members should be girls. This



was settled by admitting any student in school, who had earned the letter. They decided in favor of a girl for secretary and

Arline Smith was elected to fill the position.

So far there has been one meeting but nothing was settled. A. T. S.

## School Notes.

Jan. 19. We missed Mr. Horne's 'smile' in chapel this morning and were all very sorry to hear that his absence was due to sickness.

Senior play rehearsals are now in full swing and the play seems to be progressing rapidly.

January 20. Mr. Whittemore left for a State supervision position and Mr. Skinner took up his duties as agricultural teacher.

The State Superintendent visited Pinkerton to-day.

Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. meetings, Dr. Dumm addressed the Y. M.

January 21. Miss Flewelling and twelve Y. W. girls were to go to Nashua but a heavy snow-storm prevented their going until two weeks later.

The following boys with Mr. Harvell went to Durham for practice running on new in-door track: Bogle, Brooks, Hodgkins, W. Reynolds and Rice.

January 23. The Y. M. started a drive in P. A. to raise money for the education of young men and women of Europe. The Student Friendship Fund, \$38 was raised.

January 24. The Domestic Science Department gave the football team a dinner, according to the custom. The guests of the team were: Coach Harvell, Mr. Horne, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Condon and Mr. Kelleher, the Union reporter. Henry Bartlett was elected next year's captain. Speeches were made by all and were greatly appreciated by the cooks as well as by those at dinner. Also at this dinner the P. A. club was organized. Henry Bartlett was elected as its president and Arline Smith as its secretary.

January 26. Last of the try-outs in preparation for choosing Pinkerton debating teams.

January 27. Students for the preliminary debates were chosen and the names announced in chapel.

A wireless social and everyone was given a chance to "listen-in" and I think nearly everyone did as the operators were very busy nearly all the evening.

Sophomores went on a very enjoyable sleigh ride to Chester where all did justice to an oyster supper.

January 31. Pinkerton in general was rather surprised when on Feb. 1, they learned that the faculty had been on a sleighride the night before.

Feb. 2—

The second Critic of the year came out to-day and it showed great improvement as it was rather peppy.

Feb. 3. The four preliminary teams with Mr. Condon and Miss Munroe as their coaches debated with much success on both sides.

Feb. 4. Mr. Harvell took four boys to the Boston Athletic Association track meet. Bogle, Brooks, Reynolds and Rice were the lucky four.

The Y. W. Girls accepted an invitation from the Nashua Y. W. The crowd at Nashua included girls from Lowell and Manchester. We enjoyed a "hare and hound" race in which the Derry girls were among the first to come in; we also enjoyed dancing, a small play, singing and a hearty supper. In the song contest our P. A. girls came off with the prize.

February 7. Out of the sixteen who were chosen for the semi-finals the regular debating teams were chosen which include.

Affirmative  
Gladys Fullonton  
Lucy Barker  
Walter Pillsbury

Negative  
Marian Cogswell  
Helen O'Neil  
Thomas Tappan



Arthur Reynolds

Irving Dicey

We wish them the greatest success.

Feb. 10. A social was held at this time the proceeds of which were to benefit the orchestra and Critic. Neither organization received much benefit but everyone had a good time.

Feb. 11. The Y. W. girls held a food sale in George's store and made \$12.

Feb. 14. Second rehearsal of school orchestra under Miss Johnson's supervision was called for this P. M. One improvement which could easily be made for those students having any talent along musical lines to become interested in the orchestra and cause it to grow about twice its present size.

Feb. 17. The Senior Play certainly took well with the large audience which presented itself in the Academy hall in spite of the bad weather. The girls glee club also helped to make it more of a success by their entertainment between the acts. The cast and several of the committee enjoyed a party after the play when all were served with ice cream and cake.

Feb. 18. First P. A. carnival was held at Ela's field where many people were entered in skiing and snowshoeing events. Mr. Harvell is certainly doing his best to promote sports in Pinkerton, and now its up to the students to back him up.

Feb. 20. The Father and Son Banquet was held at P. A. hall, 365 men and boys were present. Mr. Hewitt, head of the educational board of Vermont, spoke. Also Mr. Jewell, secretary of the Y. M. in Rockingham County. Mr. Horne, our principal gave a short speech.

Feb. 21. The Juniors gave everyone, who attended their well planned masquerade a fine time. The hall was artistically decorated with their class colors, blue and white. The four appropriate prizes were given to Ethel Wilson, snowball costume; Arline Smith, costume, representing night; Maurice Reid, spanish costume; Kenneth Beardsley, a bluebird.

Feb. 22. The second of a series of winter carnivals at Elas field under Mr. Harvell's supervision, was well attended.

Domestic science girls have been busy for sometime making and selling fudge to raise money to paper the kitchen. This work was started on the 21st and completed on the 24th making quite a noticeable change in the appearance of that part of the building. The papering was in charge of the teacher, Miss Howe, but all domestic science girls were given ample opportunity to learn the art of paper hanging.

Feb. 24. It was a fairly large crowd that attended the practice debate between the two school teams. The negative won but not until after the affirmative had put up many good arguments.

Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. meetings, Miss Avery read a selection to the Y. W. which was appreciated by all.

Feb. 25. Five girls with Miss McCallum and Miss Flewelling walked to Chester. After walking a mile or more from the Chester church they finally reached the spot chosen for their dinner, and it certainly was a fine dinner that they cooked over a big fire; it included bacon, coffee, eggs, marshmallows and hot-dogs. After eating such a dinner everyone of them agreed that it would be for their welfare to walk back instead of riding. When they reached Derry it was estimated that they had covered approximately sixteen miles.

#### EMESHED.

Parked in a morris chair

A co—ed on my lap

My ear caught in her hair net

A kiss? oh! no, a slap.

It sometimes takes a girl fifteen minutes to say "Hello," to a girl friend, but she can say "Hello" to a boy friend in a half minute.

A girl can say "good-by" to a girl friend in a half minute, but it sometimes takes her two hours to say "good-by" to a boy friend. Punch Bowl.

## Grinds

"Morrison, what causes those marks on your nose?"

"Glasses."

"Glasses of what "

Say Harvey—"Remember that success brings poise," says a magazine writer. Especially avoidrupois.

Brown (tearfully) "Father, the d-donkey kicked me!"

Bill's father—"Have you been annoying it?"

Brown—"No. I was only t-trying to c-carve my name on it!"

One day a teacher was having a first-grade class in physiology. She asked them if they knew that there was a burning fire in the body all of the time. The little Gillispie girl spoke up and said: "Yes'm; when it is a cold day, I can see the smoke."

"That's what I call killing two birds with one stone," said the jeweler as Dot and Peter dropped dead upon hearing the price of the diamond ring.

We always laugh at teacher's jokes,

No matter what they be;

'Tis not because they're funny;

But because its policy.

The fickle Freshies fidget,

And the silly Sophs suggest,

And the jesting junior's jolly

At the Senior's seriousness.

"Will some kind student please destroy the key that winds V. W. '22 up for the day?"

### DO YOU?

All boys love their sisters. But I so good have grown. That I love other boys sisters far better than my own.

Bobby—"Mamma, am I a lad?"

Mamma—"Yes. Bobby"

Bobby—"And is my new papa my step-father?"

Mamma—"Yes."

Bobby—"Then I am his step ladder."

I wonder why Tom, '22 is always happy? I have a sneaky feeling around my heart, that he wants to settle down.

"We students wish that a Columbus II would discover something so we could have another vacation."

"There are meters iambic and meters trochaic, and meters of musical tone;

But the meter that's sweeter and far more completer, is to meet her by moonlight alone."

"Hey, General! Heard about the new airship poison "

"Nope—shoot!"

"One drop kills."

"What would happen if you cut a tree severely, but not enough to make it die?"

"It would live."

"My mother has got some new flavoring, it's pink—the prettiest red!"

### VOTE FOR WOMEN.

A New York society women gave a party at which each feminine guest was requested to bring something practically useless but too good to throw away. Eleven out of the nineteen present, brought their husbands.

E. M. W. '22—"I saw him looking out of the corner of my eyes."

Seniors were born for great things;

Sophs were born for small;

But it is not recorded why

Juniors were born at all.

"I saw one of your players was put out of the Pinkerton football team"

"What for?"

"Unnecessary roughness. He hadn't shaved for a week."

Almost any young man will do anything a pretty sister asks—that is, if she happens to be some other fellow's sister.



Recess is the most popular study in school.

"Everybody in our family's some kind of an animal," said Bobby to the amazed lady visitor.

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed.

"Well," replied Bobby, "Mother's a dear, baby is mother's little lamb, I'm the kid and dad's the goat!"

"I had to kill my dog this morning."

"Was he mad?"

"Well he didn't seem any too well pleased."

Judge—"What's your occupation?"

Mike—"I'm a sailor."

Judge—"You don't look like a sailor. I don't believe you were ever on a ship."

Mike—"Do you think I came from Ireland in a hack?"

Crumbs of comfort never come from eating crackers in bed.

Chester and Derry.

Student—"How long before that car will be here?"

Pupil—"It ought to be here soon, here comes the motorman's dog."

Evidently C. H. '22 does not know how to use a safety pin.

Bunk—"She is younger than she looks.

Coe—"How do you know?"

Bunk—"I looked on the hotel register and it says "Suite 16."

#### Love Cake.

2 shady trees, 1 cozy spot (preferably dark)—4 well-placed lips, 1 pretty miss.—12 lbs. pure love, 1 bench for two. Mix well in darkness; add a little moonlight; take two strong arms around a small waist; add 2 ounces of yielding, one ounce of romance, a short scream, and it is finished. Place a kiss upon the upturned lips and set aside to cool off.

#### 'S He Sick?

Wun Lung's face was very pale,

His expression betrayed his grief;

He crossed the deck and reached the rail.

To get Chinese relief.

He—Isn't the music poor?

She—Yes, but this is supposed to be a Poverty Party.

#### RECIPE FOR AFTER DINNER SPEECH.

Three long breaths.

Compliment to the audience.

Funny story.

Out line of what speaker is NOT going to say.

Points that he will touch on later.

Two Bartlett's Familiar Quotations.

Outline of what speaker IS going to say.

Points that he has not time to touch on now.

Reference to what he said first.

Funny Story.

Compliment to the audience.

Ditto to our city, State and County.

Applause.

N. B. For an oration, use same formula repeating each sentence three times in slightly different words. M. E. R.

#### "BOOSTERS."

Never meddle with a hornet or a man who is minding his own business.

"Be HAPPY."

Be what your friends think you are, avoid being what your enemies say you are, go right forward, and be happy.

#### "GREATNESS"

Greatness does not depend on size. Napoleon if he were living today would never get a job as a cop.

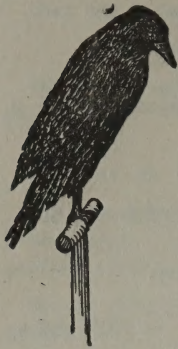
#### "ON THE JOB."

Being everlastingly on the job, beats carrying a rabbit's foot for luck.

#### "IT'S BETTER TO AGREE"

"It's better to agree with a man as much as you kin. It makes him feel good natured and you don't have to listen to so much talk.





## The Crow.

Caw! Caw! Caw!

Well how is everybody enjoying studies plus sports this winter? I guess you can find enough of both to keep you busy.

Speaking of sports, one Saturday afternoon while I was doing my shopping I saw a crowd of P. A.

girls getting on the Manchester car. I flew over and learned that they were going to Nashua, Y. W. I thought a change of climate wouldn't hurt me so I went too. When we got there the girls started the afternoon off with a hare and hound race; after this they had a snowball fight (if they can throw base balls like they can snow balls they will be good on teams this spring); after this they came back to the Y. W. and each group of girls wrote a song. P. A. girls won the song contest. Have you heard the song fellows? Its a good one. Then they had supper, played games and danced. I had a dandy time. I'm glad I went, and so are the girls.

One Friday afternoon I heard a lot of banging, so I knew something must be going to happen. It did. It was the Senior play. Everyone took his part off great, it was a good play Seniors. It was quite a while before I discovered that the "weeping-willow" was our Charlie. Some make-up! Caw! Caw!

The next day there was a carnival at Ela's pond with all kinds of winter sports and a good crowd. I went over with my crow shoes (first time I'd used them since I broke my wing. I wish my brother and the rest of the students had gone, because they certainly missed a snappy time.

I flew down to the hall the other night and bumped into a crow. I blinked and began going over the names of all my friends but I couldn't place this one, then I

saw some more queer looking objects wandering around and it dawned on me that this was the night of the Junior Prom. So I hopped upstairs to see the hall. It looked very pretty with its blue and white streamers, and the variety of costumes! Every kind you could think of, it certainly was a success.

The next day was Washington's Birthday. There was no school and the tower was pretty quiet, so I flew over town and saw some of the students going to Ela's again. I went over too and had another good time. These carnivals are certainly fun.

Friday night Pinkerton's team debated. It was an interesting debate, I got so excited waiting for the decision, it always seems a long time doesn't it? Well the negative won. There are going to be some more debates later with other schools.

The next thing I suppose will be the base ball season, and this means beautiful spring the robins singing (wish I could sing like a robin, but my voice is only good for cawing at games) Guess I'll say goodbye now until the next time. Caw! Caw! Caw!

E. L. D. '22.

### PLAYING SAFE.

"Why, we should love to come to see you, but its pretty hard to make a definite date right now—Arthur's so busy downtown. I tell you what I'll do, I'll call you up sometime soon and let you know. Oh, don't bother to write down the number, I'll remember it."

"I think he is the image of you, and yet there are certain expressions when I can see his father in him, too."

"Oh, so that's your new dress. Well, aren't those buttons out-of-the-ordinary?"  
"Now do come see us, come any time."

"I read your things in the Magazines. That's right, keep at it!"

"Well you don't look exactly thinner, but you are certainly looking wonderfully well."

"What I like about your hat is that the rain can't hurt it a bit."

Λ

L. P.



## Beware of Praise

Praise is essential to young people, provided it is tempered with wisdom. And yet the danger of it! When praise passes the nice point of encouragement, it weakens.

When others praise you, ask yourself what it is they want in return. When you praise others, it is either because you fear them or expect something from them. There is however, a philanthropic praise handed out by mentally opulent people to their inferiors as a form of restitution. It is as if they said, "I have plenty, I can afford to praise this chap without hope of reward."

Praise is dangerous because it is almost invariably inaccurate. It is what one man tells another in order to conceal his real opinion.

The wife of Alexander the Great says: "Alexander the Great" indeed! Why he sighs when he has a headache, and cries when he has a toothache! Alexander the great——baby!

Traveler: "Close that window—it's cold outside."

Next seat Occupant: "Do you think it would be warmer if I put it down?"

"Oh, I just bust a looking glass. I'm goin' to have seven years of bad luck."

"I don't believe that, 'cause a friend of mine bust one an' she never had no seven years' bad luck. It was only three days later she was killed in an explosion, so I wouldn't worry about it."

### WHY HE WAS NOT PROMOTED.

He watched the clock.  
He was always grumbling.  
He was never at the office on time.  
He asked too many questions.  
His stock excuse was "It isn't necessary."  
He wasn't ready for the next step.  
He didn't put his heart into his work.  
He learned nothing from his blunders.  
He chose his friends among his inferiors.

He ruined ability by half doing things.  
He never acted on his own judgment.  
He did not think it worth while to learn how.  
He imitated the habits of other men who could stand more than he could.  
He did not learn that the best part of his salary was in his pay envelope.  
He didn't have to.  
He was president of the Company.

G. M.

### THE REAL COUNT.

Sunday School Teacher. Jimmy, do you count ten before you hit another boy?

Jimmy. Naw! De referee counts ten after I hits him.

Soloman's advice to the young man just about to be married:

"The first hundred wives are the hardest."

### TRUTH IN A NUTSHELL.

Love never carries a yardstick.  
No one but a fool is always right.  
There is no better mirror than a true friend.  
No man has a right to do as he pleases unless he pleases to do right.  
A lie travels by lightning express. Truth comes in by stagecoach.  
The trouble for easy going people is that they make it hard going for other people.  
The man who lives only for himself will not need much room for the people who want to go to his funeral.

L. B. '23.

The wheat was shocked, the beets turned red;  
The corn pricked up its ears;  
The mockers mocked, the mint was crushed;  
The onions moved to tears.  
The taters eyes, ap'ed in surprise.  
The tickle grass was tickled,  
The cause of all you may surmise;  
The cucumber was "pickled."

"What do you do at the office all day, Pa."

"Oh, nothing."



"Then how do you know when you've finished?"

The London lady was guest at a recent bridge given for sweet charity. "Are there no ices?" she inquired sweetly as she fingered her cards. "Surely" answered her hostess, "they will be served with refreshments a little later.

"Oh," was the response. "I don't mean those kind of ices, I mean ices like the ice of spides."

The Beast. "You used to say there was something about me that you liked."

Beauty. "Yes but you have spent it all now."

"A bevy of stenographers with hair as red as L. T.'s '23 would be a saving to their employer, wouldn't they?"

"Why?"

"Oh, they'd reduce the electric light bill 50 per cent."

"If you can't get what you want, want what you can get."

Don't expect poor work now to lead to brilliant work hereafter.

You have no idea how big the other fellow's troubles are.

Notice that two-thirds of "Promotion" consists of "motion".

There's a better market for smiles than frowns.

Defeat is often a spur to victory.

The only influence worth having is the influence that you yourself create.

We love ourselves in spite of our faults, so we all know the true way to love others.

What we did yesterday is done; tomorrow's deeds are a dream of the future, to-day is the day of realization.

#### THE APPLY OF HIS EYE.

A peach came walking down the street  
She was more than passing fair;

A smile, a nod, a half closed eye,  
And the peach became a pair.

Mugwump.

Ladies Tailor—"Do you want a belt in the waist?"

Customer (angrily)—"Do you want a crack in the jaw?"

Isn't that some chicken?

That's my wife

Better duck.

Prof. "Who first made Paris Green?"

Student—"Helen of Troy."

There's nothing in the world worth doing wrong for.

If you are bound to say mean things, go down cellar and talk to yourself.

Laff every time you feel tickled, and laff once in a while enyhow."

Happy are those who don't want the things they cannot get.

Your friend is the man who knows all about you and still likes you.

Be a candle if you cannot be a light house.

#### "KEEP AWAY"

If a man cannot smile he is built wrong.  
If he can smile and won't, KEEP AWAY FROM HIM.

#### SONG OF THE GRIDDLE.

(Tune: Old Black Joe, with many weeps.)  
Gone are the days of the doughnut, cake  
and pie;

Whene'er I think of them I can but sigh;  
Gone are the days I spent at the corner bar,  
Gone, too, the joys of study in the mid-  
night hour.

No dancing, no smoking; don't eat, drink or  
shirk;

But when you get out on the field, boys,  
work, work, work!

Gone is the gang to a movie show to-night;

Left me the smoke—oh, how I loathe the sight!

Gone is my girl—to some tea bound, I know;

But still I like to play the game and watch them go!

No dancing, no smoking; don't stay up after nine;

If you expect to hear Coach Harvell's: "Fine, boy, fine"

SLANG CORRECTED. . . . .

Slang: Nothing doing. Correct English: I cannot substantiatively approve without exercise of my cerebelic faculties.

Slang: I don't get you. Correct Eng. incomprehensibility: of your statement makes it impossible for me to grasp the desired meaning.

Slang: Snap out of it: desist from your atmosphere and assume one more appropriate to your natural elements.

Slang: That's one on you: I fear your dignity has suffered a catastrophe from a laughable diversion.

A leading soap concern advertises: "Keep that school girl complexion." We're with you company. But why wash it off?

I've got a date. I wonder if I ought to shave first.

Know her very well?

Yes very well.

Better shave.

#### FLIP.

She—"Why do they call this the grid iron?"

He—"Because its a great place to see flappers."

#### THE FACULTY.

To those who helped us onward  
In study and in play  
The time has come for thanking  
God bless them all we pray.

Not because of high position  
But for every kindly deed

We have learned to love and honor  
Mr. Horne, "a friend in need."

In the outer office busy  
In school hours and after too  
When we are perplexed or troubled  
Miss McCallum helps us through.

Just a few steps down the hallway  
We hear a tongue outlandish  
And we recognize Miss Clark  
With her brilliant class in Spanish.

Who is it has a beaming smile  
For everyone each day?  
That's an easy question  
Is it not Miss Flewelling, I pray.

Mr. Harvel we'll long remember  
For his work has been "no dream"  
And we're proud to know that "Harvel"  
Was the standby of our team.

If deep in a puzzling problem  
And you see no pathway out  
To Miss Plumer just take it quickly  
And her "x" will solve each doubt.

The teachers have taught me a lesson  
Come all you and join in my toast.  
"Success to the man that's unshirking  
The man who remains at his post."

#### POEM.

I always thought I'd like to dance,  
To learn to swing and glide,  
To take the dainty, fancy steps,  
The other girls had tried.

So I took lessons for a year,  
And did my very best,  
I learned to do the latest steps,  
Much better than the rest.

I go to dances every night,  
And know I can dance well,  
But no one ever asks me to,  
And why—I cannot tell.

I sit around and make "cute" eyes,  
At the boys who look my way,  
And in my heart I long to dance,  
As I'm just sixty-nine to-day.



## Athletic Report.

In order to gain experience for his indoor track team Coach Harvel took Rice, Brooks, Bogle, Hodgkins and Reynolds to Durham to run on the new board track at the State college. While there we stayed at the A. T. N. house, the coach's fraternity and the fellows certainly treated us finely. While there Bogle, Brooks Reynolds and Rice as a relay team ran the State College Relay team. Everybody expected an overwhelming defeat for P. A. but the college team only defeated up by about 110 yards in a mile relay.

On February 4th, Coach Harvel took Rice, Brooks, Bogle and Reynolds to the B. A. A. meet at the Arena in Boston.

Bogle and Reynolds were entered in the forty-yard dash, schoolboy, but were delayed in getting to the meet and could not run in this event, which was first on the list. Rice did very well in the schoolboy 1000 yd. run finishing well up with the leaders.

Brooks made about the best showing of the team finishing 10th in a field of 65 starters in the one mile handicap run.

Reynolds ran in the 660 yd. run leading the field of 35 starters for two laps when lack of condition forced him to drop out.

The meet certainly was a fine experience for the track team, watching the best runners in the country and running with them.

After this meet there are none scheduled until spring, but the team continues to practice.

Coach Harvell has succeeded in stirring up a very great interest in winter sports and on Washington's birthday held a winter carnival in Ela's field with the following events and winners.

50 yd. dash snow shoes, (for boys.) 1st Brooks; 2nd, K. Kartlett; 3rd, H. Bartlett, Time 11 seconds.

100 yd. dash skis (Boys). 1st, Hun-

toon, 2nd Bartlett; 3rd, Martin. Time 21 seconds.

50 yd. dash, snow shoes, (Girls) 1st, C. Burbank; 2nd, A. Brooks; 3rd E. Downing. Time 15 seconds.

700 yd. run, Skis, (Boys), 1st H. Bartlett; 2nd Huntoon; 3rd, Loring. Time 3 min., 50 seconds.

700 yd. snowshoes, 1st, Brooks; 2nd, Eddy Time 3 min. 55 sec.

50 yd. dash skis, (Boys), 1st H. Bartlett; 2nd, Huntcon; 3rd, Wedluga. Time 11 seconds.

Broad jump, snowshoes, (boys). 1st Koles 9 feet, 3 inches, 2nd, Reed 8 feet 6 in. 3rd, Brooks, 7 feet, 8 inches.

Ski Jump form and distance, 1st, H. Bartlett; 2nd, R. Martin, 3rd, Pond, 22 1-2 ft.

Ski Jump distance only. 1st, R. Martin, 35 feet; 2nd, H. Bartlett, 34 ft. 3rd, Pond, 20 ft.

50 yd. dash, special. 1st H. Bartlett on skis; 2nd Brooks on snowshoes. Time 11 seconds.

### Interclass Relay.

1st Freshmen	2nd Seniors
M. O'Neil	E. Downing
A. Brooks	A. Smith
C. Burbank	D. Cotton

Relays 150 yds, skis (Boys). 1st Paquet K. Bartlett, Martin; 2nd Reynolds, Huntoon, Wedluga; 3rd, Pillsbury, Koles, H. Bartlett. Medley Relay 150 yds. 1st Arline Smith snowshoes, K. Bartlett, Skis, Virginia Whitney, snowshoes, H. Bartlett, skis; 2nd Charlotte Burbank, snowshoes, Brooks, Skis Alice Gionet, snowshoes, Reynolds, Skis.

This concluded the days program and it was a grand success.

Coach Harvell issued the call for baseball candidates, Monday, Feb. 27. Get to it fellows there are absolutely no places on the team that are cinched. Everybody has an equal chance, now get out and fight for it and maybe you will be playing on the best baseball team P. A. ever had, for that is

what it is going to be. Everybody out regardless of experience. The coach will attend to that.

The football team wishes to extend its thanks to all who in any way made it possible for them to get their sweaters and to Miss Lucy Barker, Miss May Hartshorn and Miss Dorothy Cotton and to John Brooks who was the one really responsible for about \$80 towards them from tag day.

The Domestic Science department gave the football players a banquet on Jan. 24. and it was a fine one. At the banquet Henry Bartlett was elected football captain for next year.

A P. A. letter club was formed having for members only those who have won their letters in some form of school sport or in debates. Henry Bartlett was elected president and Arline Smith secretary.

Now then everybody out for baseball and give the coach the largest squad P. A. has ever had. Let's go. W. R.

#### WANTED.

A girl for the Londonderry Levee. H. L. "23."

A muzzle for Mike.

A partner for the next waltz, T. T. "23".

A beau, H. W. "23"

Some Ambition, J. E. "23."

A backbone, H. C. "23".

A pair of wings for angel face.

A way to pass English without studying, Joe Godoy.

#### I WONDER.

If Coach Harvell ever fell in love?

Who he was talking with the night of the masquerade?

Why he blushed so?

How many pies Mr. Condon consumed at the banquet the other night ? ? ? ?

English boy: "The King touched my grandfather on the head with a sword and made him a knight."

American boy: "That's nothing, An Indian touched my grandfather on the head

with a tomahawk and made him an angel."

Englishman and Irishman waiting at a railroad station.

Irishman: "I will ask a question and if I can't answer my own question I will buy the tickets. Then you ask a question and if you can't answer your question you buy the tickets."

Englishman: "All right, Go ahead."

Irishman:—"Well, see those prairie dog holes out there? How do they dig them without leaving any dirt around the top?"

Englishman: "That's your question. Answer it yourself."

Irishman: "They start at the bottom and dig up."

Englishman: "Impossible! How do they get down there?"

Irishman: "That's your question. Answer it yourself."

And the Englishman bought the tickets.

#### Missing Names

He came and asked me for a——

For short he said his name was——.

The work was not too hard for him.

It might have been for little——,

Some choose the mine and some the mill,  
But something else chose clever——.

Yet even he could never fill,

The place obtained by cousins——.

And rising higher than them all was  
plodding, persevering——

Ah, true, and he was bright and hardy,  
The other boy, whom we call——.

For some good things he could not tarry,  
Like happy, smiling, steady——.

And he who needed no rebuke was honest, earnest, able——.

Wasn't he an attentive waiter?

Yes, I thought he would be. Why?

I saw by his American Legion button that he was a service man.

Why is chemistry like love?

Because the lower the gas, the greater the pressure.



## NEWS.

Did you know I. D. '22 had a family. You should have seen his two cute little girls that he put on the C. & D. at the Elm's Corner, last Saturday morning. Congratulations!

I wonder who begrudged Hick the good marks on his last card, bad enough to steal said article.

Unanimous note.—J. F. looks good in his glasses. Now he won't have to ask every one separately.

Resolved: The boys had better take a collection to buy some dresses for the girls.

A certain young man fell into a state of coma but recovered before his friends buried him, and one of them asked.

"How does it feel to be dead?"

"Dead, I wasn't dead," he exclaimed "because my feet were cold and I was hungry.

"But why did that make you sure?"

Well I knew if I was in Heaven I wouldn't be hungry and if I were in the other place my feet wouldn't be cold.

Say George why is kissing your girl like a bottle of olives?

Dunno, Henry.

Well after you get the first one the next one comes easy.

## Good Ads.

"The gentleman who found a purse containing money on Broadway is asked to send same to the address of the loser, as he is recognized"

The next day the following reply was printed.

The recognized gentleman who picked up the purse on Broadway requests the loser to call at his house!"

## Embarrassing Question.

George was spending a week-end at the home of Helen. One night as there were

not enough chairs on the porch George took the youngest son on his knee. The child sat still a long while then said, sir, am I as heavy as sis?

## Philosophy.

It may be peculiar, but a horse can eat best without a bit in his mouth.

Man is made of dust, along comes the water wagon of fate and his name is mud.

Before a man marries, he swears to love; after marriage he loves to swear.

You can never judge the length of a woman's tongue by the size of her mouth.

## Some Senior and Junior Specimens

The tallest—Spottiswood.

The shortest—Mae Hartshorn.

The fattest—Johnny Feinauer.

Biggest Eater—George Kolcs.

The best athlete—Tom Stewart.

The Busiest—Helen O'Neil.

One who has the most time—Paquet.

Movie fiend—"Smittie."

Biggest feet—Harold Low.

Woman Hater—Walter Reynolds (?)

Man-Hater—Ethel Wilson, (?)

The noisiest—Jack Oakes.

The Quietest—Gertrude Leighton.

The wildest—Dot Emerson.

Heart Breaker—Virginia Whitney.

Actor—Arthur Reynolds.

Plenty of time to "listen in"—"Pilly."

Thinnest—M. Condon.

Musician—Dot Cotton.

Orator—Hampton Smith.

"Billie" the girl artist—Frances Gove.

Vamp—Edna Downing.

Most Studious—Lucy Barker.

Most Agreeable—Earl Kelley.

Daintiest—Margaret Gillispie.

Jolliest—Evelyn Bidwell.

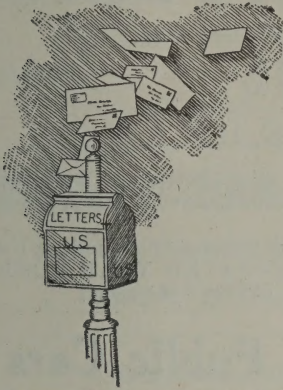
Lightest—Bob Hazelton.

Best Dancer—Louise Trowbridge.

Cutest—Mavis Fullonton.

The most lady-like boy—T Robertson

Sweetest—Gladys Fullonton.



Advocate, Needham Highschool.

Your advertising index is decidedly original, and originality, to a certain extent assures the success of a school paper. We fail to find our name on your exchange list. Echo, Winthrop High School.

Your paper is eagerly read in Pinkerton. Crimson and Gray, Southbridge, Mass.

Glad to see you. We welcome new exchanges. Your February cover is especially good. We hope you will come again. Middlebury Campus, Middlebury, Vt.

Another new one that we welcome to our list. May we suggest that a few jokes would not be out of place?

Monthly Bulletin, Lafayette, La.

We fail to see the "Critic" on your exchange list. What do you think of our paper?

Tuft's Timepiece, Boston, Mass.

Congratulations on your fine paper. We compliment you on your splendid start. Your jokes are good. Although your cover is very expressive, it is rather forbidding.

H. L. A. '22.

"Pilly had a bad accident to-day."

"What happened?"

"His auto truck ran into the garage."

"Hey! Did you hear about one of the seniors, getting run over, 'tother day?"

"No, tell me all about it."

"Ch! 'Twan't serious; he was just under a bridge when the train went over."

When the moonshine is gone, let's go

## Exchanges

South and try some cotton gin."

"I saw a lot of her last summer,"

"At the beach, I suppose."

So beautiful she seemed to me,

I wished that we might wed

Her neck was just like ivory

Alas! so was her head.

He (stopping car): "Now I'm going to kiss you."

Sweet young thing (indignantly): "You just go right ahead."

There are meters of wood, and meters of stone, but the best way to meet her, is meet her alone.

What is one custom the girls have copied from the Indians? (Painting their faces.—Ex.

"Why is the nose in the middle of the face?"

"Because its the scenter."—Exchange.

Dumb: "A man dropped forty feet into a barrel of scalding water and wasn't even burned."

Bell: "Why wasn't he?"

Dumb: "They were pig's feet." Ex.

"I suppose you hatch all those chickens, yourself?"

"Farmer: "Oh, no! We have hens here for that purpose."—Ex.

"A man died of hard drink,"

"How sad! Was he a habitual drunkard?"

"No, a piece of ice fell on his head."—Ex.



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